A Joke That Has Gone Far Enough.

Under existing conditions expert testimony in criminal trials is to be regarded, according to the point of view, as a farce or a tragedy. The expert witness presents us the humiliating spectacle of the alleged scientist turned advocate, mountebank and trickster. He appears as a professed partisan—for hire. He hides his true opinions behind equivocal or evasive answers—for a consideration. He expresses by implication views he does not really hold—that he may seem to earn his fee. In a word, he sacrifices his mistress, Science, at the shrine of Mammon.

At all events, he is openly accused of all of this and much more in kind. He is railed at, scoffed at, jeered. The most charitable of popular opinions as to his character seems to be that which regards him as unmitigated joke. And meantime he is placed in such a position that it is impossible for him to defend himself against these allegations. He may be a true scientist, learned, honest, conscientious, but under existing methods he cannot prove that he is such. The populace will judge him by his company, and as matters stand some portions of his company are pretty certain to be bad. Whatever his real character, the fate of poor Tray awaits him.

The spirit of the law is said to be common sense. But its letter has certainly permitted a wide departure from this alleged standard. The attempt to add to the criminal weal by utilizing the knowledge of experts has culminated in something not far removed from total failure. What should be a most serious function has passed into a joke, and by common consent the joke has gone far enough.—Dr. Henry Smith Williams in North American Review.

Grant and Meade.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, after speaking of General Meade's somewhat anomalous position, quotes General Grant as follows: "I am fully aware that some embarrassments arise from the present organization, but there is more weight on the other side of the question. I am commanding all the armies, and I cannot neglect others by giving my time exclusively to the Army of the Potomac, which would involve performing all the detailed duties of an army commander; directing its administration, enforcing discipline, reviewing its court martial proceedings, etc. I have Burnside's, Butler's and Sigel's armies to look after in Virginia, to say nothing of our western armies, and I may make Sheridan's cavalry a separate command. Besides, Meade has served a long time with the Army of the Potomac, knows its subordinate officers thoroughly and led it to a memorable victory at Gettysburg. I have just come from the west, and if I removed a deserving eastern man from the position of army commander my motives might be misunderstood and the effect be bad upon the spirits of the troops. General Meade and I are in close contact on the field. He is capable and perfectly subordinate, and by attending to the details he relieves me of much unnecessary work and gives me more time to think and to mature my general plans.

"I will always see that he gets full credit for what he does." This was a broad view of the situation, and one to which the general mainly adhered throughout the war, but after that day he gave a closer personal direction in battle to the movements of subdivisions of the armies.

Drop Nickels For Tickets.

Absentminded people drop many things besides tickets in the boxes presided over by the ticket choppers at the elevated stations. For a man to drop a nickel in is of common occurrence. Often larger coins, and occasionally bills, are deposited. In order to get such things back the forgetful person has to apply the next day at the main office of the company. He cannot even travel on the strength of his overlarge contribution, but must buy a ticket with one of the nickels he has left.

The money dropped in the ticket chopper's box gets mangled in the chopping process and will not always pass current afterward. A bill is likely to get so badly mutilated that it cannot be patched together.

Other things besides money occasionally find their way into the ticket chopper's box with equally damaging results.—New York Sun.

Wanted a Change.

He was about as black as the traditional ace of spades. And two dusky damsels, each of whom claimed the right to call him husband, sat bolt upright in the courtroom and glared at the defendant.

"Yo'r honor," said the prisoner, "I want to apply for a change of venus in this case."

"On what ground?" inquired the court.

"I want a change of venus," repeated the defendant, "because one of dese women is prejudiced ag'in me."—Troy Times.

Strategic Points.

Strategic points in military art are such as command communications, whether by rail or river, like Atlanta, in Georgia, and Cairo or Vicksburg, on the Mississippi. The capital, or leading city of a country, is of strategic importance, since its capture causes the general discouragement of the people.

The invention of the purse was doubtless contemporaneous with that of money. The purse is mentioned in Old Testament history as a part of a traveler's outfit. When the disciples, spoken of in the gospels, were sent forth to preach, they were commanded to take neither gold nor silver nor brass in their purses.

Pocketknives are now machine made, the blades being stamped from strips of steel and afterward ground and polished before being fixed in the handle. The assemblying of the different parts of the knife is a matter of hand labor.

She Deserves a Monument.

A little group of advanced women, girls with strong ideas of the rights of women, believers in their free competition with men and emancipators of the idea that women should be treated with more deference than men, were talking when one of them began:

"Oh, girls, what do you suppose? I bought two men a drink."

"You did?" exclaimed the chorus in admiration.

"How?"

"Not in a saloon, I hope?" anxiously inquired one who was not as advanced as the rest.

"No; of course not. It was in a drug store."

"Oh, do tell us all about it!"

"You see, I was walking along the street with two men, when one of them suggested that we go in a drug store and get a drink. I made up my mind that I would not go in a drug store and let any man buy me soda water. I determined that I should insist upon my rights as a woman and buy the drinks. So I said I would go if they would let me pay for it."

"You brave girl!"

"They treated it as a joke at first. The very idea! But I told them my principles, and finally they agreed, although the mean things laughed. Then we went in. You don't know how afraid I was that they would pay for the drinks anyhow. But I was too quick. When the clerk laid down the check, I just grabbed it, and I wouldn't give it up, and when we went out I reached the cashier first and laid down just the right amount. The cashier seemed surprised. I don't see why. But I actually bought soda water for two men. What do you think of that?"

"You were a hero!" declared the girl who was the first to recover her breath. "Some day your sex will erect a statue to you in your honor."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Awful Break.

The fair maid from Boston gazed upon Harold Bentley's face, and a new feeling took possession of her. He was one of Cleveland's most aristocratic young men and as handsome as a Greek god.

After they had been introduced they strolled away from the crowd, and he told her about his sisters and his mother, who were in Europe, and Beatrice Montgomery suddenly realized that the flame of love was beginning to flicker in her breast.

She talked vivaciously of her days at Wellesley and of her explorations in the rich mines of Sanskrit and of her investigations of the Mahatmas and the occult flapdoodles of the far east.

Then he told her about his horses and his rubber tired traps, and they gazed into each other's eyes and sighed a lot of long drawn sighs and were beginning to feel that they had passed through the pearly gates and were strolling through streets that were paved with gold.

At last Beatrice Montgomery said:

"You have told me about your mother and your sisters being in Europe, but you have said nothing about your father. Is he with them?"

"No," the handsome young man replied after a painful pause; "he is not with them. My mother is a widow woman."

When the doctors had finally succeeded in bringing the fair Boston girl out of her swoon, she waved her hands at Harold Bentley and wildly cried:

"Take that man away!"—Cleveland Leader.

Digestible Women.

An extraordinary discussion on the subject of cannabalism took place at the recent meeting of the Ethnographical society in Paris. A curious tribute was paid to the superior qualities of woman, but one which she will hardly appreciate.

A member of the society read a paper in which he declared that among savage nations those who were addicted to cannibalism were the most healthy and vigorous. He sought to prove this by descriptions of several races.

This argument was directed partly against vegetarianism, for savages who abstain from eating one another usually have a meager supply of animal food.

The scientist further made the shocking statement that the flesh of women was much more nutritious and digestible than that of men. Many savage tribes recognized this fact and ate only women when the supply was sufficient. In some races, however, the flesh of men, though less palatable than that of women, was preferred because the virtues of the deceased were supposed to pass into the eater.—San Francisco Examiner.

They Were Ready.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called around with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answer they should give when he arose to propound his accustomed inquiry.

When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said:

"You boys and girls have paid such nice attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought 100 voices piped in unison:

"Form a line and march down stairs."—Detroit Free Press.

Heard From.

Bacon—Do you remember you prophesied that young Blowman would be heard from when he got a little older?

Egbert—Yes, I believe I do remember saying something like that.

"Well, your words have come true. He's moved next door to me and has taken up the cornet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sea Raven and Sculpin.

It is the common habit of fishes, in swallowing other fishes as food, to swallow them head first. The fish's spines and fins smooth down toward the tail, and if the fish were swallowed tail first the spines and fins would spread out and catch in the swallower's throat and choke it, perhaps, to death, as has not infrequently happened.

In a tank at the aquarium is a sea raven 14 or 15 inches long. Like all sea ravens, it has a big head and an enormous mouth for a fish of its size. In the same tank is a sculpin, perhaps a foot long and a little slenderer than the sea raven. The two were lying on the bottom of the tank the other day, the sculpin just ahead of the sea raven and wagging its tail idly in the sea raven's face. Whether the sea raven was incensed by this or the motion simply suggested a chance for a square meal without hunting for it, it would be impossible to determine, but the next time the sculpin's tail came by the sea raven detained it, and then it began to swallow the sculpin tail first.

The sea raven had taken in four-fifths of the sculpin, about all but its head. The sculpin, too, has a great head for a fish of its size, but the sea raven, with its capacious mouth, would have got it down all right and swallowed the entire fish but for the short, stout spines that the sculpin has, one on each side of its head. These now spread out and settled in the corners of the sea raven's jaws. It was like spreading a stick across the mouth of a pit. It was quite impossible for the sea raven to swallow the sculpin any farther. In fact, its only desire now was to get rid of it, and, helping itself a little with some slight wrigglings, the sculpin was soon free again and swimming about.—New York Sun.

A Linguistic Training.

One of the most valuable kinds of training which the college can give is the linguistic. If to think is important, linguistic training is important. For we think in words. Therefore thinking becomes clear, orderly, profound, as language is adequate. Language represents those methods and results of thought without which thought itself is feeble and inefficient. Therefore training in language is of the highest value. To be able to think in or adequately use the English or any other language one should know the language. He can only know this language as he knows those languages which have made the richest contributions to its structure. Every new science and every new application of any old science goes to the Greek for its very name; hence, a training in Latin and Greek is of the greatest worth. The college is not filling the mind with useless knowledge in requiring students to learn these, not dead, but living languages.

Second, the scientific school is a professional school. Its graduate goes from its commencement, as goes the graduate of the school of law, theology or medicine, directly to his life's work. It is not a school of liberal culture or of general training. It is to be said, and said with the utmost clearness, that the governors of our best technical and scientific schools are beginning to recognize the advantages which the man desiring to enter these schools possesses if he has previously received a general training through the college.—Forum.

Hidden by Their Colors.

To understand the value of what scientific men call protective coloration in animals one need only look at the common ruffed grouse, or partridge, of North America and consider how hard it is to see him in the woods, even where nothing intervenes to hide him from view. His colors agree so well with the background against which he stands that the eye is slow to make him out.

Mr. Gregory, in his recent volume of Afghan travel, "The Great Rift Valley," mentions several striking instances of animals thus protected, among which that of a certain monkey, Colobus occidentalis, is perhaps the most peculiar. This monkey is covered with a long, silky fur, arranged in alternate stripes of black and white, so handsome that the skin is much prized by the natives for making head ornaments.

The contrast of black and white is so marked that at first sight it would seem to preclude concealment, but its value is at once evident when the animal is seen at home. It lives in high forests, where the trees have black trunks and branches, draped with long gray masses of beard moss or lichen. As the monkeys hang from the branches they resemble the lichen so closely that Mr. Gregory found it impossible to recognize them, even at a short distance.

Prospective Coercion.

"I think," said the fond mother, "that I will have the baby's picture taken."

"How old is she?" inquired the crabbed bachelor.

"Eleven months."

"I think," said the crabbed bachelor, "that it would be a first rate idea to have her picture taken without delay. Then, when she grows older, if she doesn't obey you, you can threaten to show it to her friends."—Washington Star.

The Datura.

The datura, varieties of which are commonly known as the Jamestown weed, or more familiarly the jimson weed, the thorn apple, an allusion to the shape of the seed case and its spines and the devil's trumpet, recalling its shape and villainous odor, retains its name almost unchanged from the Arabic.

Experts have come to the conclusion that what kills trees in London is not the soot flakes or the want of air or the drought, but the sewer gas, which attacks the roots so that the tree soon withers and dies.

The lad who accidentally sat down on a redhot stove pensively remarked that he was reminded of the retreating general who burned his bridges behind him.

UNTOLD MISERY FROM RHEUMATISM

C. H. King, Water Valley, Miss., cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For five years, I suffered untold misery from muscular rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, visited Hot Springs, Ark., three times, spending $1000 there, besides doctors' bills; but could obtain only temporary relief. My flesh was wasted away so that I weighed only ninety-three pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles

being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured, by the doctors, that I could not live. The pains, at times, were so awful, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphine. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 165 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith."

AYER'S

The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.

AYER'S PILLS cure Headache.

CHAS. J. MURRAY.

DEALER IN

Pine, Spruce & Hemlock Lumber,

Shingles, Turned Posts, Pickets,

Walnut St. Crossing, N Y & G L Ry

ELECTRICAL WORK.

Have your Electrical Work and Repairing done by

AUGUST F. OLSEN

ELECTRICIAN,

Supt. Bloomfield Fire Alarm System.

Orders left at the Universal Shoe Store, 310 Glenwood Ave., will receive prompt attention.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING A SPECIALTY

Estimates for electric wiring and lighting cheerfully furnished.

P. W. KOPPEL,

Merchant Tailor,

A FULL LINE OF

Imported and Domestic Woolens

ALWAYS ON HAND.

BICYCLE SUITS MADE TO ORDER

From $6 upward.

Cleaning and Repairing Neatly Done.

ALL GOODS CALLED FOR & DELIVERED,

ALSO FULL LINE OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

30 BROAD STREET, Next to P. O., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

NEW OCCASIONS

A Magazine of Social Progress.

EDITED BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS.

The world is on the threshold of vast social changes. Progress is about to sunder the chains which have bound it. The next forward step will be just that which the average intelligence of a nation makes possible. Revolutions are the pulse beats of progress. The coming revolution should be one of intelligence; it should be one of peace. In that hope and in that belief NEW OCCASIONS opens its pages to a discussion of live questions. It is bound by no creed, and desires only to reach nearer to the truth. MONTHLY, 64 PAGES with handsome cover.

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Sold by all Progressive Newsdealers.

WANTED the address of every active reformer. We have thousands of pamphlets on free silver, direct legislation, government banks, etc., for distribution. Sample package mailed for six cents.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

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Estimates given at short notice.

Office and Shop: 25 Herman Street, GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Plans and Specifications Drawn.

Martin J. Callahan,

CONTRACTOR.

Flagging, Curbing and Paving.

A supply of Door-steps, Window sills and Caps, and Cellar Steps constantly on hand.

STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE NEAR D. L. & W. R. R. DEPOT.

RESIDENCE ON THOMAS

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

For all Bilious and Nervous Diseases. They purify the Blood and give Healthy action to the entire system.

Cure DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION and PIMPLES

It Pays to Advertise IN The Record.

Why?

Because it is an Up-to-date Paper.

Because it is the oldest established and best advertising medium covering the Town of Bloomfield and Borough of Glen Ridge.

Advertisers should Read the following Points on Advertising by Charles Austin Bates:

The best paper in a community always brings ample returns to its advertisers. The best paper covers the cream of the trade in any section.

Put your ad in the best paper, and then watch the paper and the ad. Have a system of checking the returns received, and be very sure of this much: If the ad doesn't pay, the fault is in the ad or the goods or the store—not in the paper.

I believe that the standing of the paper reflects on the advertisements it carries. There is another thought which never occurred to me, but which was conveyed in a remark recently made to me by an advertising manager. He said: "A sleepy paper gathers a sleepy constituency. An alert, wide-awake, progressive sheet gets readers who like that sort of thing—or lifts them to its level."

The newspaper goes right into its reader's house—goes in and sits down with him. It is on the table when he eats, and in his hands while he is smoking after the meal. It reaches him when he is in an approachable condition.

That's the time to tell him about your business—clearly, plainly, convincingly—as one man talks to another.

The first insertion of an advertisment very seldom pays. That is to say—if you have never advertised before in a certain paper, it will take some little time for its readers to get acquainted with you, and until they do, don't expect much return. There are occasional exceptions, of course, but they are few and far between. It is the systematic, persistent effort that pays in advertising as in everything else. In taking medicine the regularity of the dose is almost as important as the drug itself.

For that reason the columns of the newspaper offer the very best medium for business announcements.

For that reason, programmes and wall hangers and schemes of all sorts, from an industrial write-up of the town to a picture card, are never effective. It may be well enough to indulge in a pretty novelty occasionally, if you are using all the space you need in the papers.

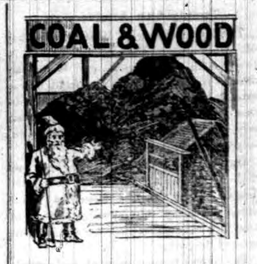
I have been a publisher of programmes and of other "schemes"—I have advertised in them, and in my experience on both sides of the fence I have never heard or known of a single advertisement in a medium(?) of that kind that paid.

The newspaper goes into the house bristling with intelligence, broomful of the news of the world, sparkling with the daily doings of the community. If its advertisers are awake to their opportunities, it contains businesser news of value to every reader, for it pays to read advertisments.

Save money on your advertising if you can, of course, but save it in the right way. Cut off little leaks—the programmes, the bills of fare, the directories, the wall charts, the pages in "souvenirs." Cut them all off, and and your trade won't ever feel the difference. Cut off the inconsequential papers, if you have to, but always keep your ad in your best papers big enough to do you justice. It is better to convince a few people than to talk to many.

Membership in churches and clubs and societies, the giving of social entertainments, public charity—all these things and more are advertising, but greater and broader and better and easier than all these is newspaper advertising. You may think of that without thinking of the other plans, but no scheme of publicity is complete without the newspaper.

29 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.



Plenty Of It.

We sell plenty of good, pure coal. The cleaner the coal is, the more free-burning it is. There's more heat in a ton of our coal than in any other ton we know. Our coal's a little better than other coal because we take more pains in handling it.

Martin Hummel & Son.,

Yard, 361 BROAD STREET,

Foot of Incline Plane.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Bloomfield Boarding & Livery STABLES.

33-35 Washington Ave., BLOOMFIELD, N. J

Coaches and Coupes: of the latter, one light, elegant and not surpassed by any for family service. Pianos and furniture moved by men familiar with the work. Horses boarded and best of care with free veterinary service guaranteed. Express or truck rented by the hour or day.

TELEPHONE 120.

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Manager.

The LUNGREN $36 25

BEST VALUE-UP TO DATE

Shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination, direct from factory, saving the agents' and dealers' profits, on receipt of $5.00.

Money returned, Less Expressage, if not accepted.

EQUAL OF ANY WHEEL MANUFACTURED

The Lungren Cycle Co Cincinnati.

Ben-Hur Bicycles

"BETTER THAN EVER."

FOUR ELEGANT MODELS, $85.00 AND $100.00.

ART CATALOGUE FREE.

CENTRAL CYCLE MFG. CO., No. 72 Garden Street. Indianapolis, Ind.

CUT PRICES by the only concern that ever voluntarily reduced prices, or in recent times originated a new idea in Windmill and Water Supply Goods. Everything the farmer sells is low. Who sells low to him? We have repeatedly refused to join, and have therefore defeated windmill combines, and we, since '95, reduced the cost of wind power to 2 what it was. Through gearing, and because we are price makers, and are not to deal with, and because we are the sole originators of all that is good in the modern geared windmill and tower. THE WORLD HAS GIVEN US MORE THAN HALF ITS WINDMILL BUSINESS. We offer steel in low prices, high grades and large sizes. We also offer head with long power stroke pumps, with best materials, brass tube cylinders, lower than iron ones—a 6½ x 16 inch at $6.85. We prepay freight to all branch houses. Send now for beautifully illustrated catalogue of up-to-date ideas, as this appears but once. Our customers may not have to print our latest plans. No one knows the best Mill, Pump or Price until he knows ours.

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Of Every Description.

Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sofas, Lounges, What Nots, Book Shelves and Cases, Brackets, Looking Glasses, Etc

OIL CLOTH, CARPET LINING, MATTING

Mattresses and Spring Beds

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Upholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

GUSTAV BRUETT.

Plain and Ornamental

Gardener.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Grounds Laid Out, Grading, Draining, Building New Cesspools, Etc.

Odorless Excavating.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

FRAZER AXLE GREASE Best in the World

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. Get the Genuine.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Nickel Plated. '96 Burns Kerosene Oil.

Weight 12 oz. Model

Jolt and Cyclone Proof.

The Pathlight

They who ride must see the road. The Pathlight makes bright the way. All dealers sell it. The Place & Terry Mfg. Co., 247 Centre St., N.Y.

S. MORRIS HULIN, Proprietor.

VOL. XVII. NEW SERIES. N

Cured His Headache.

"Talking about cures reminds me there's nothing like a shock to cure a headache," commented the man from southern Missouri. "I was once driving home on my mule over the steep path on a divide and was suffering with a headache that well nigh drove me crazy. I had been working hard, and my head thumped and thumped like as if it might split any minute. I wasn't conscious of anything in particular except that burning, throbbing head of mine, when the path led to a secluded piece of ground.

"Suddenly two men sprang out. One of them grabbed the mule, and the other presented a six shooter at my head. It was done so quick that I gazed at them stupidlike.

"'Fork out that $6 you got for stock!' said one of the men.

"I had brought some stuff into town and had six big dollars on my person. As money was scarce, it flashed through my mind that it meant to lose it, and, quicker'n I can take to tell it, I slashed to the right with that leather heavy whip and then slashed to the left. I struck them both, and the mule sprang forward.

"They didn't follow, and I was mighty glad of it. When I got a piece, it suddenly occurred to me that the headache had all disappeared. Not a trace of it. I struck my forehead, but was clear as a bell; struck the side of my headache all away. I struck the left follows over the head, perhaps it permitted the pain to them. A moment's reflection theory probably is that a sudden shock will drive away a headache."—Detroit Free Press.

Appearances.

A man can be a man without his clothes, but society reckons a man partly by his outside fixings.

A business may be a business without any advertising to it, but the immutable law of custom, before which men and nations rise or fall, has written in letters of unquenchable fire that men must advertise and that by their advertising so shall they be judged.

Until those words of fire can be quenched no man has a right to practice or to preach an individual doctrine opposed to the rule of custom.

I will admit that the advertisement never brought a reply or never created curiosity, and yet I am willing to stake my reputation upon the assertion that if the value of advertising was limited to the appearance of advertising that advertising would be necessary to proper conduct of successful business.

The man who advertises stands before the public in the full, legitimate and dignified prominence of one who is proud of his business, has a right to be proud of it, is doing a lot of it and wants to do more of it, and he is the kind of man that everybody wants to do business with, for just so long as the moth will be attracted by the candlelight, so long will trade swarm around the advertising light of business.—Hardware.

Saved by One Chance In Ten Million.

The accidents that astonish railroad men are those that happen without hurting anybody. Such a mishap occurred to the Lake Shore flier from Cleveland coming into Chicago one Saturday morning. A steel tire slipped from one of the driving wheels of the engine with the train going at full speed. This was extraordinary, but that it should slip off the wheel over the connecting rod and fall clear of the track instead of wrecking the train was simply miraculous.

The driving wheel revolves, say, four times every second, covering that same second 80 feet of the rail. Fracture the tire with its deep inner flange, made to keep it on the rail, and try, with that big connecting rod rising and falling two feet every quarter of a second and the broken tire rolling 80 feet every second, to make the tire fall off the wheel and over the connecting rod so it shall drop clear of the wheel, the rod, the rail and the train.

This could not happen once in 10,000 times. Yet on the Lake Shore for coming into Chicago it did that very thing and the passengers, instead of being stranded up in a wreck, marveled over the remarkable occurrence.—Chicago Tribune.

Sure Cure.

"John," said Mrs. Smythe, with an anxious touch in her voice, "I am worried to death about Gladys. You know she is not 15, and the way she is growing to lace is dreadful. Every time that comes she draws in the stays a tiny wrist for herself that would put my two hands around."

"What did you say to her about it?" asked Gladys' pupa, yawning.

"Say to her? Why, I told her that she was injuring her constitution, deforming her figure, laying up lifelong misery and probable surgical treatment—everything I could think of."

Gladys' pupa laughed. "You went at it the wrong way, my dear," he retorted. "Just leave out all that about symmetry and constitution and misery, etc., and tell her that she is getting a red nose. That will fetch her. It always does."—Philadelphia Press.

Famous King Og.

The famous king of Bashan, mentioned in Deuteronomy, had a bedstead nine cubits long, or about 13½ feet. It is said that another Og himself was of the same size as his bedstead. Many bones of giants have been found in various countries of the world, and unscrupulous people hastily concluded that the men to whom these bones were supposed to have belonged must have been from 10 to 20 feet in height. All such conclusions have been proved to be those of animals existing in a former period of the world's history.

Visit our new Store No. 14 Town Hall.

BLOOMFIELD & SMITH.